

prize him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will binde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the adversaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliuer all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the diuine forfeite of his soule vpon oath, neuer trust my judgement in anie thing.

Cap.G. O for the loue of slaughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you giue him not Iohn drummes entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Heere he comes.

Enter Parrolles.

Cap.E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the honor of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme backs forely in your disposition.

Cap.G. A pox on't, let it go, tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme: Ist but a drumme? A drum so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse vpon our owne wings, and to reuol our owne souldiers.

Cap.G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruice: it was a disaster of warre that *Caesar* him selfe could not haue prevented, if he had bene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our successe: some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might haue bene recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of seruice is sildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would haue that drumme or another, or his iacet.

Ber. Why if you haue a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if you thinke your myserie in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour againe into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, euen to the ymoost syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a souldier I will vnder take it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this evening, and I will presently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my certaintie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation: and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe will be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant, And to the possibility of thy souldiership, Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words.

Cap.E. No more then a fish loues water. Is not this

a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to vnder take this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damned then to doo't.

Cap.G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans fauour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discoueries, but when you finde him out, you haue him euer after.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so seriously hee dooes adresse himselfe vnto?

Cap.E. None in the world, but returne with an inuention, and clap vpon you two or three probabilities: but we haue almost imboist him, you shall see his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes respect.

Cap.G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe ere we cafe him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord *Lafeu*, when his disguise and he is parted; tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this very night.

Cap.E. I must go looke my twigges, He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap.G. As't please your Lordship, Ile leave you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you

The Lasse I spoke of.

Cap.E. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once,

And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her

By this same Coxcombe that we haue in't winde

Tokens and Letters, which she did refend,

And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature,

Will you go see her?

Cap.E. With all my heart my Lord.

Enter Helten and Widdow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not shue,

I know not how I shall assure you further,

But I shall loose the grounds I worke vpon.

Wid. Though my estate be false, I was well borne,

Nothing acquainted with these businesse,

And would not put my reputation now

In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you

First giue me trust, the Countesse is my husband,

And what to your sworne counsaile I haue spoken,

Is so from word to word: and then you cannot

By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,

Erre in bestowing it.

Wid. I should beleue you,

For you haue shew'd me that which well approues

Yare great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,

And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,

Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe

When I haue found it: The Count he woos your

daughter,

Layes downe his wanton sledge before her beautie,

Resolue to carrie her: let her in fine consent

As we'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it

Now his important blood will naught denie,

That shee'l demand: a ring the Countie weares,

That downward hath succeeded in his house

From

From sonne to sonne, some foure or fife descents, Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere, How ere repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottome of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawfull then, it is no more, But that your daughter ere she seemes as wonne, Desires this Ring; appoints him an encounter; In fine, deliues me to fill the time, Her selfe most chastly absent: after To marry her, Ile adde three thousand Crownes To what is past already.

Wid. I haue yeelded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall perseuer, That time and place with this deceit so lawfull May proue coherent. Euery night he comes With Musickes of all sorts, and songs compos'd To her vnworthinesse: It nothing steeds vs To chide him from our eues, for he persists As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night Let vs assay our plot, which if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede; And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act, Where both not sinne, and yet a sinfull fact. But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or sixe other souldiers in ambush.

Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you fallie vpon him, speake what terrible Language you will: though you vnderstand it not your selues, no matter: for we must not seeme to vnderstand him, vlesse some one among vs, whom wee must produce for an Interpreter.

1. Sol. Good Captaine, let me be th'Interpreter.

Lord E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?

1. Sol. No sir I warrant you.

Lord E. But what linse wolffy hast thou to speake to vs againe.

1. Sol. E'n such as you speake to me.

Lord E. He must thinke vs some band of strangers, i'th aduersaries entertainment. Now he hath a swacke of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we must euery one be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speak one to another: so we seeme to know, is to know straight our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enought, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme very politicke. But couch hee, heere hee comes, to beguile two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & sweare the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I haue done? It must bee a very plaufuol inuention that carries it. They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces haue of late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars

before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord E. This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of.

Par. What the diuell should moue mee to vnder take the recouerie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must giue my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not giue, wherefore what's the instance. Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe another of *Bianzeb's* Mule, if you prattle mee into these perilles.

Lord E. Is it possible he should know what hee is, and be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold serue the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lord E. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

Lord E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my clothes, and say I was stript.

Lord E. Hardly serue.

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

Lord E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lord E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be beleueed.

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would sweare I recouer'd it.

Lord E. You shall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lord E. *Throca mouousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villanda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ransome, ransome,

Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment, And I shall loose my life for want of language.

If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speake to me,

Ile discover that, which shal vndo the Florentine.

Int. *Boskos vauuado*, I vnderstand thee, & can speake thy tongue: *Kereybonto* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seuentene ponyards are at thy bofome.

Par. Oh,

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,

Manka venaia dulce.

Lord E. *Oscorbidulobos voluorco.*

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet, And hoodwink as thou art, will leade thee on

To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe Something to saue thy life.

Par. O let me liue,

And all the secrets of our campe Ile shew,

Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that, Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Inter. *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space.

A short Alarum within.

X 3

Exit

Lord E.